SONNET TO A POET

His lofty mind in one triumphant span
With mystic beauty clothed the rustic plow
And laid a sceptre at the foot of man.
A faithless world, his highest vision fought;
And flying wings that scaled the purest air
Soon fell to brush the dust of mortal thought
That felt no conscience in his quick despair.
Man rarely feels his God's immortal breath
Transform to life our passing human age;
A bag of silver bought our Saviour's death,
And bitter hemlock chilled the ancient sage.
In nature's soul, beneath an alien sod,
The poet sleeps and shares his dream with God.

Marjorie Blankenship Melton

THE 1975 FALL ISSUE OF SIGNET IS DEDICATED TO

THE FAMILY OF MARJORIE BLANKENSHIP MELTON

THE WINDOW

He sits across from me
in a chair on the other side.
I watch . . .
He doesn't talk much, but I could feel a warmth inside him.
The gaiety of people around him . . .
some passing joints around,
others chatting about trivial matters.
He was alone in the room,
uneasy . . .
But smiling as if he wanted to belong.
He didn't know that I too, was alone and
anticipated walking out with him into the crisp, starlit night . . .
to talk about life, people, and things that I believe in.
And climbing the mountains till all was below us.

I did understand how he felt . . .
wanting but not wanting to belong.

He left.
I was alone and without any more dreams of reaching out to him.

The door shut tight.
People smoked, laughed, and all continued into the dark night.

Becky Rankin

when words have gone their course,
and gestures become dry,
and wan,
smile
and speak through touch
in such a way
that i may hear
your voice.

alvin johnson

THE MAGICIAN

Consider, if you will,
my magic —
I hide my sorcery
in my hands,
small, white paws,
circled in gold—
I cover it with the sticky honey
of my hair,
It teases you to look
behind my eyes,
and nestles, laughing,
in the quiet
of my ear —
Twirling it around my throat,
A sparkling snake
of green and gold—
It lays its shining head
upon my shoulder,
And smiles, whispering
my love-songs.

Phyllis Mahoney

SLEEP

my thoughts are like
a flock of birds
which, when startled,
fly in all directions
before coming together again
settling in another place
to roost for the night.
maybe that is why
i close my eyes
late at night, waiting
for my birds to tuck
their blue heads
under their wing
and let sleep overcome.

Joan Oviatt

SCHIZOPHRENIA

You look so
very lovely
lying there.
And as I stare,
I realize
that
Knowing you has
helped me
to know myself . . .
you have broadened
my scope of comprehension . . .
of why I do
what I do.

Oftentimes, I have had
regrets
for actions past;
a nagging desire
for amnesia . . . to
store my memories
in a deepfreeze.

But to brush away
the past,
to forget,
is not yet
within
my scope of
comprehension . . .

Even now,
You look so
very lovely
lying there,
black hair
sprawled
atop gold bedspread;
it almost
makes me
wish
I hadn't
shot you,
bitch!

Charles R. Feldstein

A lonely child
you look for the answers to
friendship
without acceptance of the ethical
mores
passed unto you by the
people
who always care.
A lonely child
you hold your hands
behind
your back
even though you look for
friendship
Lonely child
you have to be like that
Your tears
are your existence
Your separation is your health.
Lonely child
curse the nights that made you so
love the dawn
that pushes away your fears.
hold your breath
You will never find the answer to
friendship
Lonely child
i love you

Emily Nixon

HEAVEN

Heaven is a fish pond
where everybody dances in the air
and nobody falls down.

Clay Hamilton

A SENSE OF ORANGE

A great orange/
green turban squash—
seven pounds at
twenty-nine cents—
I bought to see,
not cook and eat.
Orange is warm.

Painted orange
radiators
in an old house
provide good heat
to lean against
and look like fire.
Orange is warm.

Volvo orange
station wagon
driving long hours
matches the color
of autumn leaves,
sunrise, sunset,
Orange is warm.

Fall is orange
pumpkins, maples,
chrysanthemums,
sunshine on rust,
dying embers
less than red hot.
Orange is warm.

Rebecca Schenck

EROS AND THANATOS IN BLUE

Better tell the Tin Man I'm dead.
. . . we cut our teeth on the bones of predetermined failure
till our jaws crack;
(your shadow at my side for chastisement
and my old nemesis, the morning.)

Something fearful: the sparks shoot
through interstices of space; eternal fire when all else is
Consumed, even the poor ghost who forgot his lines.
So don't be noble. Weep for what is left rotting on the sidewalk.

I followed others, mourning the one
Who loitered—the one who mattered most. Later, I found him
Impaled on a shaft of light,
Wailing for one whose name he had already lost:
Yet the choice was his, and
Irrevocable . . . He wanted to be born. I left him
To die in his own dark juices, there against the void,
poor man.—I had to; we love each other too knowingly
perhaps.

Someone kissed me afterward—I couldn't see the face—
To compensate for the ache in my loins,
I suppose. But I was still light-blinded; it isn't that easy
to lose a lover.

They tell me I'm (basically) a negation

If he does come back . . .
I am here.
Life is too sudden for promises, I think,
And he was foolish to leave me without them.

It was foreordained . . . to be a coward . . .

Que je suis hereuse
Je suis amoureuse—

Que disiez-vous?

—rien. Je ne vous parle pas.
Je chante pour moi-meme; je ne parle rien.

Tell him I'm dead.

Margaret Emanuel

Plants are like people
Their stems weave around each other
giving strength and love
Yet if woven too tightly
Death

Phyllis Mabry

have you ever tried writing to a wall? #2

several hundred miles away
blank
no answer
you don't know whether it's been moved
(in one piece or many)
to another place
but as long as your letters don't come back
you can imagine that it's still around
somewhere

M'Lou Greene

WHY?

When I am wondering
why,
I remember the
night
I lay beside you
and
I asked you if you
thought
I was strange to
question.
Your answer was
"no, not at all."
And when you touched
me
it was gentle
and
I believed you.

When I am aching from
the inability to love,
I'll think of you,
and
how much you cared
and
how much you loved me,
when I gave you
no love at all.

When I awake
from a restless
sleep
to find myself
alone
and afraid,
I'll think of you,
and
I'll toast your memory
at breakfast.

Charles R. Feldstein

BACK AGAIN

Just when you think I'm gone.
I'm not.
I'm back
Again.

I hide in a corner
long enough
to become obscured
by lengthening shadows
in your overgrown backyard.
And then without a sign
or
sound
I breeze in your frontdoor
run upstairs
rearrange the furniture
raise the blinds
and expose a dust-filled
sunlit
existence.

I leave
the cracks in the wall
to be plastered
with lingering thoughts

As I trip
down
the
stairs. Two at a time.

Slip out the back
softly slamming the door
behind me.

Kim Kent

Always be what you believe, 'cause through you,
someone along the way may be changed.

Becky Rankin

Marion Cook

ALONE AND FRIGHTENED

I tried to tell you
That first day last winter when you
Threw your arms around me and
cradled me from vaguely shadowed harm
And my own dreams and ambitions.
I tried to tell you,

I really tried that day your eyes
Sparkled with secrets and you pulled
From a hidden vest pocket a tiny velvet box
And embellished one special finger with
Christmas and Birthdays and Fireworks.
I tried to tell you,

I promise I tried the Golden June
Day when consenting smiles adorned
Partially familiar faces and you stood
Before me in gentlemen's grey and I hid behind
Old lace and new satin and blue ribbons and borrowed courage.
I tried to tell you,

I'm sure I tried in that
Darkened room when your skin
Touched my skin and your sighs
Matched my sighs and I wept
Secret tears while you talked of tomorrows.
I tried to tell you,

I must have tried that day they
Wheeled my bloated form
Into an antiseptic world of
Black and white and I emerged carrying a
Bundle of burden and responsibility.
I tried to tell you,

I know I tried that
Blistering day I boarded a train,
Alone and frightened
But determined to find
What I'd missed,
If anything.
I tried to tell you.

Lynda Smalhout

"WHILE DREAMERS MAKE-BELIEVE"

The waxing moon embraced the night
And kissed the tranquil stars,
As the village children captured fireflies
And put them in their jars.
All the while I watched them
I never heard a sound,
For they were distant silhouettes
Upon the hill and round.

The bullfrogs sang an evening song
By the brook down past the wood,
As a gentle breeze swept through the trees
And swiftly back again.
The mood was silken tenderness
And woke a peaceful dawn,
While the morning mist veiled over the countryside
And held the senses long.

I keep a vigilant eye on things
While dreamers make-believe,
It is not enough to merely think—
But do and feel and see!

Thomas C. James

A dandelion—
one puff and the wind gathers up the
soft, white down and
carries it across
the blue mountains,
the green meadows,
and up, up into the heavens . . .
until it reaches its destination.
One that is indefinite and relaxed and easy . . .
come take me away, wind!

Becky Rankin

WEED

you are a weed
and i the garden flower
springing up overnight
you begin to wrap your arms
around my waist
as i struggle to stay alove
you press your very soul
into my dying petals
and you choke out my essence
with your breath
darkness falls at last
upon your sturdy frame
standing high and mighty
beside a wilted, dried flower
and another seed is laid
to test your strength come spring.

Joan Oviatt

I know too well the vast illusion
That I build each day, some Gothic structure
Fashioned on a verdant shore. Seclusion
In a medieval fortress. Assure
Me now that this escape, this fabrication
Will forever be a barbarous place
Where fantasy enthralls. Make its duration
Stretch a million years into a space
Where Transcendental Metaphysics bears
The scepter of Aquarius, where rare
Hymen celebrates the crown he wears.
Secure this white existence that we share
Lest you and I parade an endless strand,
Alone, nomads in an alien land.

Laura Prince Boyles

RUSSIAN LANDSCAPE

Skating on the ice in a forest deep and green,
I skate alone with
    you in my thoughts.
People
        come, they bother me.
I unlace my skates and
    crunch my way into the arms of the forest.
I meet your eyes behind a mask of wool,
    the frost tickle your noses,
                wrapping around our hearts.
The trees bend under heavy burden,
    hiding us from wandering eyes,
Interlacing fingers,
    walking through a cathedral of pines.
Darkness falls.
            we become lost in the shadows of trees.
And the snow becomes a gentle bed for our abandoned love . .
My thoughts wander
            to the skaters on the ice,
And I pity them.
For they do not have anyone
                like you
                    to melt the snow lying
Heavy in their hearts,
As you melt mine in
            our Russian landscape.

Colleen Turnage

FEELING MUSIC

It was the birthday
of a man of jazz.

Singing "Eh La Bas,"
he laughed and played.

Friends gave him a party
and a birthday cake

decorated with a trumpet
in chocolate relief

so that DeDe could feel
what he could not see.

Rebecca Schenck

THIS TIME

Beep, beep.
I can play a song.
and a nursery rhyme.
The dishes are done
and the door is unlocked
waiting for my beloved.
The radio is too loud
and the TV test pattern is boring.
no sound to jingle my ears.
But the slow approach of a car.
        i hear footsteps.
with a happy exclamation
i turn out the lights
  and turn over.
This time.

Joan Oviatt

The pounding waves of the sea
tear away the loose particles
of sand and rock
while the author continues to create.
The particles of rock
are lost
in the ever returning-retreating waves
The memory of their
cool warmth
vanishes
as the rock is slowly washed away.
The author writes
a response
a composition
something to help the final loss
Even then
the sea loses its momentum
no longer removing particles from
the rock.
A memory is kept
the author catches the mood
not long enough to know
the sea and the rock
are gone.

Emily Nixon

MAOB

when we got tired of Barbie and Ken
we'd pick up twigs off the ground
    and pluck leaves from the pecan tree for clothes
they were the best dolls we ever had
when cars drove by in front of my grandmother's house
    we'd freeze
so still that we knew the drivers thought we were statues
    wearing short-shorts and crop-tops
years later you taught me how to drive
in your Mercury Meteor (SBJT)
out at the farm
only the cows and horses saw us
    laughing and hauling ass down the hill
now you're married, with a red-haired baby girl
our lives are so different
but our past is the same
    we'll always remember
even though we never were "blood sisters"

M'Lou Greene

NECROLOVEMIND: MIKAL'S MODE

She will not speak, will she?
Not to anyone? Certainly not to me,
Although I loved her. I mean it. See,
I kiss her and she never looks at all or answers when I
speak to her,
Though I believe she hears.

She's so far away now; and it's
Frightening to find I love her still, and am bound
To love her.

I thought perhaps I would be free of that merciless woman,
Her seducing and traducing; no more suffering torrid abuse
For what she termed "ill-use"
Of herself and her sacred body to satisfy
my carnal lusts,
As she put it. I was patient,
Loving her; but how
Vehemently I was upbraided
For every kiss, each caress,
A surreptitious hand upon a reluctant breast . . .

And how sensually she fondles herself now!

I suppose I am a fool.

Margaret Emanuel

The window warms, my hand against a pane.
And yet still clings with fierce tenacity
A chill which only winter's tepid rain
Can ease, can cause the startling cold to be
Less keen. The darkened room behind me breathes
Impassioned denouement that light shall soon enfold.
The gelid wind is raw. The window wreathes
Design around my fingers taut with cold.
The dawn is still, its frozen glance a flare
Which masks the gloom. My senses shun
The cold as quickly I traverse the rare,
Vibrating space made torrid by the sun.
And inarticulate with love, I vow
My frigid palm to your responding brow.

Laura Prince Boyles

ADVENTURER

My lover used to wait for me beneath a mango tree.
I would walk through rain,
    curtains parting with my umbrella.
The rain would hide his face from me,
    laughing at our anonymity.
Talk would mingle with the rain and tell
                our secrets.
We would make love
    the tree would sway and I would leave
                my lover,
Beneath the mango tree.
I knew one day I'd come to stay.
It is not easy to meet death
            beneath a mango tree.

Colleen Turnage

We walked among a miniature village with lights
    reflecting images of trees around our feet.
We walked, we watched ducks
    swim and chatter to each other
We stopped beside a creek that
    was enhanced with stepping stones
We sat on those stepping stones
    feeling their boldness and strength
    seep through our bodies.
At the same time a taste of salt came
    to my lips
        the smell of the beach.
We sat silently listening to birds sing,
    the rushing waters
While the reflections of the miniature
    village danced upon the water.
The stars and the moon.

Phyllis Mabry

BALLET

The trees are dancers—
long, slender fingers
slinging scarves
of red and gold.

Stretching, trembling,
thrusting upward—
the naked web of arms
shiver in their ecstasy.

Phyllis Mahoney

WINTER

Plowing, trudging through deep white layers
    with hills rising before me,
Making a tiered wedding cake.
Speckles of spruce and pine showing here and there.
Mighty limbs collapsing under strain,
    icing floating silently down.
Icicles dangling decoratively from an ancient cedar.
Sparkling crystal stars,
    cold,
        flaming points catching the evening sun.
Burning to my touch.
Shattering,
        upon soft white.
One by one.
Falling stars.
And icicle tears fall from my snow sky eyes.
Footprints disappearing under a new assault,
    to be
        no more.

Colleen Turnage

make no sound;
                make no sound
                    except
                your heartbeat
                    and your love
                    for me.
    be silent otherwise.
                    let no noise
                    sway you
                    from the silence
                    of your love.
and listening
  silently i
    shall hear you
and answer in whispered words—
      i love you just as much,
                just as silently.

alvin Johnson

i took a walk today
past the junk-yard
where the man
                the boy
tried to sell
their scraps
i always watched them
the old man
pushed and hit the boy
neither one could sell.
The old man
stubby
minus the foot which saved his life
dying
of cancer
and the smell of a
rat-infested world.
unable to conquer
the underworld
always
always
hitting the boy
neither one could sell.

Emily Nixon

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

The monster was coming. Dr. Frankenstein ran wildly down the gloomy halls of the castle, yelling frantically for Igor. Heavy thudding steps were heard in the distance, the music crescendoed, and . . .

"Dad!" Elaine, just short of screaming, grabbed her father's hand, and Mr. Holman complied by covering her eyes as the legendary monster appeared on the television screen.

"It's all right, honey!" Paul Holman pulled his hand away, soothing the wide-eyed girl. "You just missed seeing him this time. You're going to look at him someday, you know that, don't you?"

Elaine relaxed from her rigid pose and gave him a sarcastic smile. "I guess so, Dad. It's not that I'm scared or anything, it's just that I don't like to look at him. I don't mind the suspense or anything." Paul looked tenderly at his daughter, seeing his own image reflected in her large dark eyes. Slightly uncomfortable, he glanced away and began to munch popcorn with great vigor.

"Well, I'm gone, Pop. Gotta shower and everything, you know."

Paul stared after his daughter's disappearing back. Elaine Everett Holman . . . soon to be Mrs. Elaine Holman Harrison. Lord, man, you're getting old. The horror movie reappeared on the screen, but he forgot about it, lost in his own thoughts.

There had been no question in the court concerning custody of the child; Elaine had been twelve then, a slim, solemn freckle-faced girl, surrounded by tearful relatives in the courtroom. Her presence at the divorce proceedings affected onlookers with neither pity nor scorn, which was usually the case, but with a type of awe. She sat dry-eyed and calm, watching her father with confidence as he accepted custody of his only child.

Vera Holman stood at the opposite side of the drab room, glancing with professional calculation into her daughter's face. Vera was an artist, she looked like one and she thought like one. In her eyes, marriage to Paul Holman was at best a physically pleasurable holdback from achieving artistic fame. She spent thirteen years sleeping with "poor old Paul" nightly, and painting in solitude daily.

Elaine had shied away from her mother's deep gaze and dark moods. She was a sunny child, preferring to join her father's outdoors expeditions. Paul was a busy newspaper columnist, but he managed to find a little time for his daughter every day.

By the time of Paul and Vera Holman's divorce, Elaine had become a constant companion of her father—his office helper, his cook and his housemaid. Vera had withdrawn to a small studio uptown, without warning or goodbyes.

"Dad?"

Paul started from his reverie, glancing up quickly. Elaine stepped into the den, swathed in bright pink terry cloth, her freshly washed hair springing in tendrils from an aqua towel.

"Hey, Dad!? Here, here!"

"I *am* here, punkin! What is it?"

"Don't forget to call Tom's mom in the mornin', okay? I'll be goin' to the church early, and she wants you to ride with her and Mr. Harrison over there. 'Kay?"

Sweet Elaine. Always practical, good common sense. "All right, honey. Now *you* better get some sleep. I don't want to escort a . . ."

". . . sleepy daughter down the aisle. Yeah, I know, I know!" Looking younger than she was, Elaine pattered over to the couch like a little girl and hugged her father silently. Neither spoke, happy just to be together for a moment. Paul looked at the husky shoulders, the turbaned head, damp and warm, and held her tightly for a minute more.

"Get to bed, hon."

Elaine nodded and loped quickly out of the room, saying good night in a shaky heavy voice.

Sighing, Paul got up and killed Frankenstein with a flick of the wrist and headed for his room. Showering, he stood under the scalding stream and mixed his emotions with memories . . .

Elaine, fifteen and still growing, crying to him over her looks. She was no beauty, resembling Paul himself in his college days—tall, wild haired, and staunchly set. A boy at school had called her an Amazon. Paul winced with a faint grin and adjusted the water.

"Wish I knew whether Vera was going to show tomorrow." Paul was not sure whether or not he wanted to see Vera; Elaine herself had not mentioned her mother since the divorce. Paul wondered if *she* wanted her mother at her wedding. "Surely," he reasoned aloud in the steamy bathroom, "she wants to see her. Vera's a strange one, but she is, after all, her mother."

Flicking the switch, Paul crawled between the lavender sheets (Elaine's gift, Christmas, 1970), and gazed up into the darkness. Vera's eyes crept into view, and Paul saw himself crouching in the glassy blackness of her pupils. Elaine was waiting for him at the rear of the church, looking light colored and bright. Vera's madonna-like grim beauty faded, and Paul strode forward to grasp Elaine's arm. Turning away from the aisle, Elaine smiled at her father. Her eyes mirrored in his own face, staring in both wonder and horror at himself.

Paul woke with a start; as his eyes opened, the darkness locked away.

"Damn! Overslept again!" When the coffee was ready, Paul gulped down a cup en route downstairs to wake Elaine. There was no need, she had left early as she said she would.

"Well, now." Paul muttered his wedding instructions to himself as he dressed. "Fourteen steps down the aisle, got to remember to watch out for her train."

He called Tom's parents, brimming over with joviality, and sat down in the kitchen to wait for them. Scanning his column in the paper, he found a mistake in spelling, and was cursing the local typesetters when the doorbell rang.

Pausing at the mirror, Paul checked the tux fit. Fine, fine, no coffee spilt. He strode to the door, opening it to a uniformed delivery man, who returned his surprised expression.

"Uh, sir, I've got a package here for Miss Elaine Holman. This *is* 522 Inverness Place, isn't it?"

"Yes, I'll accept the delivery."

After haggling with the delivery man and finally showing his identification, Paul was handed a large rectangular package. It was addressed to Elaine in Vera's eccentric cursive.

Curiosity overcame scruples, and Paul tore at the heavy brown paper. 'A portrait,' he thought, 'of course.' He removed the layers of wrapping until he came upon a simple manila envelope. 'It's too late to stop now.' Opening it, he read:

> Elaine,
>
> You are to be married today. I have painted a portrait of you as you are to me, for a wedding present. I shall not come.
>
> Your mother,
> VERA

'Her typical coldness,' he thought.

He peeled off the final layer covering the portrait. Grotesque abstract hands reached forward, branching from a huge body that crowded the canvas. Red diamond shapes, like drops of blood, dotted the heavy blue body and limbs. The face was flat and black.

Paul stood still, stunned and bewildered. After a time, he wandered away from it, oblivious of everything. Paul had always considered Elaine's bookcase with pride. Now, he stood still in her

room, looking at everything and nothing. His gaze sought the bookcase and rested on a photo album he had never noticed before. Numbly, he pulled it from the top shelf. To his surprise, the album was filled with every column he had written in years. His image had been framed in colored pencils in each column, and various lines had been underscored. Paul thumbed through the book, shaking his head and smiling.

On the last pages of the album were clippings concerning Vera. Paul stared. Each word was intact, but Elaine had taken a firm black felt pen and blocked out each picture of her mother.

B - E - E - E - E - E - P !!!

'My God!" thought Paul. So lost in thought and emotion, he had forgotten. Replacing the album to its place on the top shelf, he walked upstairs to the front door.

There they were, his son-in-law's parents, sitting in their car in their Sunday best. "Be with you in a minute!" he called heartily.

The portrait was still on the table, in all its grisly glory. Paul felt a surge of power and pride. He placed the portrait on the floor, and slammed a chair on the frame. The canvas rolled into a long yellow tube as the frame split and then cracked completely.

Paul deposited the frame, the note, and the wrapping paper into the garbage can. They fell crunchingly into left-over spaghetti and cigarette butts. Then, smiling, Paul picked up the canvas tube and packed it in with the kindling in the fireplace.

"Well, here he comes at last! Mrs. Harrison tittered, waving from the car.

"How's the father of the bride this morning?" Mr. Harrison winked at Paul through the rear view mirror. Paul settled himself comfortably in the back seat. Gazing at his house growing smaller in the distance, he smiled.

"Fine," he said quietly, "just fine."

Melanie Snow

Forgive me but . . .
Salty air sprays my face with thoughts of you.
Lapping waves caress moist sand where last night
    our feet walked the beach—
No more.
Eventually, the sea will wear away the shore.
But, will I ever tear away the wall built around your pride?
Perhaps . . .

Colleen Turnage

the soft spring rain outside
waking up the earth
but i've been up for a while
i was awake and alive all winter long
you kept me warm through the coldest snowstorms
we played quietly
while the world was sleeping
but now that everyone is waking up
i find myself tiring quickly
why not rest with me
and let the spring happen without us
let the summer pass by
we'll set the clock for sometime around October

M'Lou Greene

in the darkness there,
the form takes shape
(silence!)
the painstaking gentleness
can be barely heard.

life stirs
behind
the silken walls

(silence!)

and stirring,
begins to live
as if in
defiance
of its prison . . .
slowly, painfully,
gently,
she stirs from within
to live without

and pushes
herself up,
revealing
her virgin beauty,
her strength and ability
to love.

alvin johnson

BEGINNING

(for Jennifer)

Dark waters between us—
Ebbing, flowing,
An embryonic blossom
Growing
in my damp, ocean cave

Wrapped in warm waters,
Silent cocoon-child
taking me, piecemeal,
for your own—
your face, your eyes,
your tiny arms
waving like seaweed—

The fragile balloon bursting,
Spraying, cascading,
Your wonder-girl surging,
Sliding through me
into the dry-ice world.

Phyllis Mahoney

AWAKENING

Pea soup among the pines and foggy toothpick eyes.
Right then left,
    Squishy tennis shoes and grass-dew,
                I walk.
Wet-heavy leaves making patchwork patterns.
A sure path,
    Caressing blue fog water, eyes hunger,
                I need.
Chlorox jeans releasing damp flesh.
Naked freedom,
    Plunging wet shiver and an echo,
Raising refreshed,
            to breathe once more.
And live.

Colleen Turnage

THE EBB OF MY LOVE

There is something inside of me sailing its vessel on a make-believe voyage.
I can visualize you ashored with words seeking the truth in my innerness,
Your facial expression tells me my journey could be wind blown and tossed aside.

I feel your eyes upon my body. I wonder what is it they are in search of.
I wonder whether your compass will lead your touch to mine.
But in the event that the course of our journey turns, let us not lose our wave until we have reached that tide.

Your words reach my listenings with trembling voice.
Ssssh . . . do not speak now, for the wings of the seagull hinders my hearing you.
And as we journey onward, let there be smooth sailing.
For, it is you, whom I choose to understand my fleeting desires.
And if you are about to drown in puzzleness,
Then I will make an anchor of understanding, slowly, yet gently, will I let it down.
For I will be rescued by a new vessel, that sails endlessly . . .

Marie Bullard

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